Enter Syr Hugh and Simple.

Sir Hu. *I* pray you do ſo much as ſee if you can eſpie
Doctor *Cayus* comming, and giue me intelligence,
Or bring me vrde if you pleaſe now.

Sim. *I* will Sir.

Sir Hu. Ieſhu pleſ mee, how my hart trobes, and trobes,
And then ſhe made him bedes of Roſes,
And a thouſand fragrant poſes,
To ſhallow riueres. Now ſo kad vdge me, my hart
Swelles more and more. Mee thinkes *I* can cry
Verie well. There dwelt a man in *Babylon*,
To ſhallow riuers and to falles,
Melodious birds ſing Madrigalles.

Sim. Sir here is M. *Page*, and M. *Shallow*,
Comming hither as faſt as they can.

Sir Hu. Then it is verie neceſſary *I* put vp my ſword,
Pray giue me my cowne too, marke you.

Enter Page, ſhallow, and Slender.

Pa. God ſaue you Sir *Hugh*.

Shal. God ſaue you M. parſon.

Sir Hu. God pleſſe you all from his mercies ſake now.

Pa. What the word and the ſword, doth that agree well?

Sir Hu. There is reaſons and cauſes in all things, *I* warrant you now.

Pa. Well Sir *Hugh*, we are come to craue
Your helpe and furtherance in a matter.

Sir Hu. What is *I* pray you?

Pa. *I* faith tis this ſir *Hugh*. There is an auncient friend of ours, a man of verie good ſort, ſo at oddes with